

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME IV.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 15, 1854.

WHOLE NUMBER 166.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY
JOHN W. BARNES & Co.

Office over Henry Griffin's Drug Store, opposite the Washington House.

TERMS.—Payment in Advance.

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Delivered by the carrier in the village, --- 1.50
One shilling in addition to the above will be charged for every three months that payment is delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

Terms of Advertising.

One square (12 lines or less), first insertion fifty cents, twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Legal advertisements at the rates prescribed by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements as follows:

1 square 1 month, \$1.00	1 square 1 year, \$5.00
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1 " 6 " 3.00	1-2 " 1 " 20.00

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Letters relating to business, to receive attention, must be addressed to the publishers—post paid.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1854

WILLIAM HATHAWAY, Jr., Judge of Probate for Ottawa Co. P. O. address, Crockerly, Ottawa Co., Mich.

GILBERT G. DUFFEE, Under Sheriff and acting Sheriff of Ottawa County, Mich., also Constable in and for the township of Ottawa, in said County. Office opposite the Washington House, up stairs, Grand Haven, Mich.

HOYT G. POST, Clerk of Ottawa Co. Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Washington House.

GEORGE PARKS, Treasurer of Ottawa Co., and Justice of the Peace. Office third door below the Washington House, up stairs.

WILLIAM N. ANGEL, Register of Deeds, and Notary Public for Ottawa Co. Office over H. Griffin's store, Washington street, opposite the Washington House.

R. W. DUNCAN, Attorney at Law, Prosecuting Attorney, and Circuit Court Commissioner for Ottawa Co. Office third door below the Washington House, up stairs.

FERRY & WALLACE, Dealers in Fancy Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hardware and Groceries. Water st., Grand Haven, Mich.

Wm. Preusser, A. Preusser, M. H. Allard.

WM. PREUSSER & CO., Clock and Watch Makers, Jewelers, and dealers in Musical Instruments. Particular attention paid to repairing fine Watches. Monroe street, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

M. B. HOPKINS, Attorney and Counselor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Office first door west of H. Griffin's store.

R. J. COLLINS, Physician and Surgeon, Mill Point, Ottawa Co., Mich. Rooms at L. M. S. Smith's Drug Store.

A. W. SQUIER, Physician and Surgeon, Steels' Landing, Ottawa Co., Mich.

STEPHEN MONROE, Physician and Surgeon. Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop—Washington street.

FERRY & SONS, Forwarding and Commission Merchants. Central Dock, Grand Haven, Mich.

GILBERT & CO., Manufacturers and Dealers in Lumber, Shingles, Staves, Wood and Timber. Grand Haven, Feb. 23, 1854.

JOHN T. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor. Shop on Washington street, second door west of H. Griffin's store.

L. M. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Books, Stationery, &c. At the Post office, corner of Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forwarding and Commission Merchants; general dealers in all kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, Grain and Provisions; manufacturers and dealers wholesale and retail in all kinds of lumber. Mill Point, Mich.

C. DAVIS & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes, &c. Muskegon, Mich.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, By Henry Pennoyer. The proprietor has the past spring newly fitted and partly re-furnished this House, and feels confident visitors will find the House to compare favorably with the best in the State.

HORACE MERRILL, Boot and Shoemaker. Boots and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders promptly attended to. Shop one door below the Washington House.

J. MULDER, Clock and Watch Maker, Mill Point, Mich., is prepared to do all kinds of work in the best manner and on the most reasonable terms.

HENRY GRIFFIN, Commission Merchant and General Agent, Dealer in Salt, Flour, Dry and Green Fruits, Provisions, Family Groceries, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, &c., &c., at his old stand opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven, Michigan.

HENRY GRIFFIN, Justice of the Peace and Notary Public for Ottawa County, has resumed his former Land Agency business, and will attend promptly to the payment of non-resident's taxes; will negotiate for the purchase or sale of both pine and farming lands. Deeds, Bonds or mortgages, &c., executed at reasonable rates and with despatch. Office opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven.

CROSVENOR REED, Attorney and Counselor at Law. All business intrusted to me will be promptly and satisfactorily attended to. Residence, Charleston Landing, Ottawa Co., Mich.

R. M. MITCHELL & CO., Forwarding and Commission Merchants, Fire Proof Brick Warehouse, Nos. 192 and 194 South Water Street, Chicago, Ill. Goods received and forwarded to Grand Haven with dispatch, and at the lowest figure. Cash advances made on consignments.

A. B. BIDWELL & SON, Confectionery and Bakery, Grand Rapids, Mich. C. B. Albee agent for Grand Haven and vicinity.

SOLOMON'S famous Spectacles always on hand at Wm. Preusser & Co's.

BARNUM'S SPEECH ON HUMBUGS.

Delivered at Stamford, on the occasion of the Agricultural fair, Fairfield County.

It seems to be a most unfortunate circumstance that I should be selected to speak on Humbug, as looking on the ladies, whose profession it peculiarly is, I find it hard to express myself in their presence. Everything is humbug; the whole state is humbug, except our Agricultural Society—that alone is not.

Humbug is generally defined, "deceit or imposture." A burglar who breaks into your house, a forger who cheats you of your property, or a rascal, is not a humbug, a humbug is an impostor; but in my opinion the true meaning of humbug is management—tact—to take an old truth and put it in an attractive form.

But no humbug is great without truth at the bottom. The woolly horse was a reality. He was really born with a woolly coat. I bought him in Cincinnati for \$500 and sent him on to Connecticut, but for a long time I doubted what I should do with him, and feared that he would die on my hands. Just at this time, in 1840, Col. Fremont and his party was reported to have been lost among the Rocky Mountains; the public were greatly excited, but shortly news came that he was safe. Now came the chance for the woolly horse.

It was duly announced that after three days chase upon the borders of the river Gila, an animal had been captured by the quartermaster of Col. Fremont's party, who partook in a singular degree of the nature of the buffalo, antelope and camel. This story was so far true, that I was myself the quartermaster who captured him, and I charged a quarter for the sight. The picture outside the exhibition depicted the animal as jumping over a ledge of rocks, now if the animal had really leaped, as shown in the picture, he must have passed over a space of five miles. To have believed that he could have survived such a leap, would have been the grossest humbug.

But Col. Benton, who understands no humbug but his own, arrested my scheme and prosecuted me for obtaining money under false pretences, as the horse was not what it professed to be; but I think wrongly, as the people who saw it were satisfied, as they got the worth of their money.

Now the scientific humbug should know the precise moment to act as I did, or the world would never have been blessed with a sight of the woolly horse.

When the woolly horse arrived from Connecticut, he was put in a stable near Lovejoy's Hotel. One of the boarders who came to see him recognized him as an animal he had seen at Bridgeport. "Good heavens!" he cried, "I have seen that animal before; it is really an extraordinary humbug." He took up a friend from the same hotel, and after he had seen the animal let him into the secret, and in succession, thirty-seven persons were carried up, all of whom took the humbugging in good humor except the last man.

I have not the vanity to call myself a real scientific humbug, I am only an humble member of the profession.

My ambition to be the Prince of Humbugs I will resign, but I hope the public will take the will for the deed; I can assure them that if I had been able to give them all the humbugs that I have thought of, they would have been amply satisfied.

Before I went to England with Tom Thumb I had a skeleton prepared from various bones. It was to have been made 18 feet high; it was to have been buried a year in Ohio, and then dug up by accident, so that the public might learn there were giants of old. The price I was to pay the person who proposed to put the skeleton together was to have been \$225.

But finding Tom Thumb more successful than I tho't, I sent word not to proceed with the skeleton. My manager who never tho't as highly of the scheme as it deserved, sold the skeleton for \$50 or \$75.

Seven years afterwards I received from the south an account of a gigantic skeleton that had been found. Accompanying it were certificates of scientific and medical men as to genuineness. The owner asked \$20,000 or \$1,000 a month; I wrote to him if he brought it on I would take it if I found it as represented or would pay his expenses if not; I found it was my own old original humbug come back to me again; of course I refused it, and I never heard of it afterwards.

PURE STUFF.—A Fact.—Since the Maine Law has been in operation in N. Hampshire, the thirsty natives have had some trouble in getting "something to drink." One of them, a Mr. G—d wanted some rum recently, and as friend D. was going to the village where it was rumored they still kept it to sell, *sub rosa*, G. sent his keg to have it filled, and D. not being very well acquainted in the village, got into the wrong store, that of the good Deacon B., and inquired if they had anything good to drink. The clerk told him he had something first-rate. Mr. D. fetched in the keg, and told Mr. Clerk he would have ten gallons. The clerk took the keg out to the back door, where the pump was, and pumped it full, bunged it up, and delivered it to Mr. D., who inquired:

"How much is it worth?"
"Forty cents per gallon," said the merchant.
"It's rather high," remarked the customer.
"It is pure," said the clerk, "and pure stuff is worth money, this dry summer."

Mr. D. paid the money, and carried the keg home to Mr. G. The first thing was to have some to try, and turning out a decanter full, the two friends, half filling their tumblers, adding sugar and water to make it as good as possible, tried the sparkling liquid. Mr. G. thought it was not very strong, and turning more out of the decanter, tried it again, but to their horror it was nothing more than water. Mr. G. sent to the deacon for his money; the deacon said he would not send it to him, but if he would come after it, he could have it. G. concluded not to go after the money, nor send D. after any more pure stuff.

Despise not small beginnings.

THE MAN WHO FIRED THE FIRST SHOT.

The more aged of the people of Deering, a farming town of Hillsboro' County, will remember a silver-haired, venerable old man who died forty years ago and who was proverbial for the sincerity and quietude of his life. He was a man of few words, strong friendship, and an uncompromising foe to oppression. His name was Ebenezer Lock. He lived in seclusion and died in peace.

The memory of this man deserves a passing notice, as he was the first American who discharged his gun on the day of the battle of Lexington. Mr. Lock resided at Lexington at that time (April 19th 1775) and was among the first who were apprised of the approach of a party of British troops to destroy some military stores and to awe the citizens into submission. A few men were collected on the green in front of the meeting-house, upon which the regulars, obeying Major Pitcairn, fired, killing some and wounding others. The remainder fled. This was a signal for war, and citizens might be seen coming from all directions, in the roads, over the fields, and through the woods—each with his rifle in his hand, his powder horn slung to his side, and his pocket provided with bullets. Among the number was Ebenezer Lock. The British had posted a reserve of infantry a mile in the rear, in the direction of Boston. This was in the immediate neighborhood of Mr. L., who instead of hesitating to join the party at the green, placed himself in an old cellar, at a convenient distance for execution.

A portion of the reserve were standing on a bridge and Mr. Lock commenced firing at them though there was no other American in sight.—He worked valiantly for some minutes, bringing down one at nearly every shot. Up to this time not a gun had been fired elsewhere by the so called rebels. The British were greatly disturbed at losing so many men by the random firing of an unseen enemy. They were not long in discovering the man in the cellar and discharged a volley of bullets which lodged on the wall opposite. The man within—remaining unhurt—continued to load and fire with the precision of a finished marksman. Admonished at length by the skillful maneuver of the British to flank him on the right and left, he saw the necessity of making a retreat. He had just one bullet left, and there was now but one way to escape, and that was through an orchard in the rear. The soldiers were all around him, one of them having even gained the orchard. Not a moment was to be lost—he leveled his gun at the man near by and fired, dropped the gun and ran directly towards him. As he passed him the poor fellow lay bleeding and pale; the ball had done its work. The bullets were now whistling in fearful proximity and from every direction. He reached the brink of a steep hill, and throwing himself upon the ground tumbled downwards, rolling as if mortally wounded. In this way he escaped unhurt. At the close of the war he moved to New Hampshire, where he resided until his death, some twenty years after.

[Manchester Democrat.]

LOUIS NAPOLEON.—Now and Then.—A writer in the London Economist sums up a very able article on Napoleon III. as follows:

"The same man who landed at Bologna in 1840, with a single steamer and a few friends, on a desperate and abortive expedition, revisits it in 1854 to review a vast army and receive the homage of countless spectators. The same man who six years ago lived in obscurity in London, scarcely able to pay his tailor's, and quite unable to pay his horse-dealer's bill—whom many looked upon as stupid, and whom none looked upon as wise—of whom few augured well, and whom few would trust much—we have just seen receiving the visits and compliments of the consort of our Queen, entertaining three royal guests at his table—one of them the son-in-law of the very monarch whom he had succeeded—and admitted beyond all denial into the social circle of royal personages. Nor is this change in his singular fortunes the only one, nor perhaps the greatest. We can imagine him smiling with even a more grim satisfaction as he contrasts the language of the English press regarding him in 1852, and now; sitting with the *Times* or the *Examiner* of Dec., 1851, or of Aug. 1854, before him—and marveling at the metamorphosis—the unmeasured abuse which was showered upon him at the former date, and the decorous respect and cordial praise with which he is spoken of now. The 'seedy swell' and the 'sanguinary ruffian' is now the polite and sagacious Emperor, and takes wine tete-a-tete with Prince Albert and with King Leopold."

NEWSPAPERS.—Judge Longstreet says:—Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and most amply remunerated is the patron. I care not how humble and unpretending a gazette he reads, it is next to impossible to fill a sheet fifty-two times a year without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is off from home, at school, should be supplied with a newspaper. I well remember what difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had, and those who had not, access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always superior to the last, in debate and composition at least. The reason is plain—they had command of more facts. A newspaper is a history of current events, as well as a curious and interesting miscellany, and which youth will read with delight when they will read nothing else.

YEAR OF CALAMITY.—The past year will be signal in history for its disasters. Drouth in the best agricultural districts, cutting off millions of produce. Fires in cities and forests; mountains in a blaze. Cholera invading from the sea coasts to the mountains. Yellow fever raging as never before. Disasters by railroads, and greater ones by rivers and sea. Sailing vessels lost; steamers, huge and staunch, foundering in mid-ocean, or in tempting view of shore; or burning in hopeless distance of rescue. Thousands of lives lost; moaning and wailing fill the land.

[N. O. Advocate.]

PLAIN SPEAKING.—I always "speak" exactly what I "think," said a young lady in my presence the other evening; and straightway I began to meditate on the queer position affairs in general would assume, if every body, like the aforesaid young lady, should adopt the plan of speaking whatever they thought. What a hubbub would ensue. The "confusion of tongues" would be nothing in comparison to it. Only imagine Miss Screamer's surprise and indignation, when on rising from the piano, she winningly begs Mr. Squibb's opinion of her song and is candidly told by the gentleman: "Oh, it is execrable—out of time, out of tune, out of taste. In fact you sing abominably."

And what would become of Mr. Ayres, if on questioning Miss Verity on the nature of her cogitations, in some such style as this: "A thousand guineas, fair lady, for your thoughts," she would unhesitatingly make answer, "I do wish you'd go. You're such a bore."

Mrs. Tittle and Mrs. Tattle's friendship would come to an end mighty soon if Mrs. Tittle, instead of pronouncing Mrs. Tattle's winter bonnet "a perfect love," should boldly declare it to be a perfect fright.

Plain speaking would almost entirely abolish visiting. People would find no pleasure in being greeted after this fashion: "How provoking! I suppose of course you've come with the intention of staying to tea," &c.

Show me the bachelor who would dare to give vent to his private ideas on the subject when some young mother of his acquaintance brings forward her baby and while coaxing him to kiss it, assure him, "It is a sweet cherub."

Wouldn't his ears tingle a moment after, if with a contemptuous curl of the lip, he exclaimed: "sweet, madame! I can't say I ever saw anything sweet about babies."

A LIKENESS OF CALIFORNIA.—The celebrated Madame Ida Pfeiffer has been to California, and thus speaks of certain matters there:

"Of all the countries I have ever visited, of all the vile, immoral places I have ever seen or heard of, in savage or civilized lands, the gaming saloons in California are the worst. I went there in company with friends; the doors were open; everything invited entrance. Splendor in every form, temptation most subtle and powerful, combined to lure the soul and the body to destruction; splendid curtains and carpets—exquisitely painted pictures, whose subjects were so impure that I involuntarily placed my hands over my eyes—wines, liquors, of all kinds, free, and to be had for the asking—all combined to lure the poor mortal to sin and death. Yet all was so voluptuously respectable, so perfect, in good taste, so refined in appearance, so beautiful to the eye, that its influence stole into the soul like the deadly poison of the Upas tree. What wonder if, with awakening passions, and brain made insane by liquor, allured by lovely young women, who preside at the table and overlook the game, with gold around on every side of him, the poor victim rushes to the gaming table for a new excitement and a new phase of stimulation?"

EXTRAORDINARY WOMAN.—In the county of Harrison, Miss, lives a female hermit—a curiosity indeed, of her sex, because prone to solitude and silence. She lives in a house the fabric of her own hands, cultivates her own fields, splits her own rails, does her own fencing; and the present autumn she will have one hundred bushels of potatoes, all the products of her own unaided and indomitable labors! She lives alone—no husband, nor children, nor neighbors, nearer than three miles, to cheer with a ray of social sunshine her singular and voluntary isolation. This lady is a marvel of industry and could she be induced into a more genial mood, would make a model "help mate for some big-hearted and honest" son of toil who could appreciate the sterling qualities of the farmer-lady of Harrison—the solitary female devotee of agriculture—that first as well as "noblest and most useful" of man's avocations.

[Eastern (Miss.) Clarion.]

A MISCHIEVOUS PARROT.—In Boston, a parrot that was kept aboard a ship, was much interested in watching the drays that came to leave goods on the wharf. One day the driver of a dray left his team and went down to the cabin of a ship. The parrot watched him, and when he was out of sight, began to imitate his talk to the horses. "Whoo! back there—back, I say!" said the bird. The horses backed; and the parrot, encouraged by the success of his experiment, continued to scream, "Back! back I say!" until the team backed over the wharf into the water, and one of the horses was drowned.

A MINISTERIAL STRIKE.—Yesterday, at Urbana, the bell of the Presbyterian Church rang the second time; the congregation sat waiting and watching, but no minister came. After the lapse of half an hour, a note was handed to one of the elders, who arose and read it to the congregation. It was from the minister, who said he would not preach for them any more till his salary was paid up. There's a clergyman of the right pluck. Why should a minister, any more than a shoemaker, mend souls without being paid for it?

[Columbus Fact.]

From mercenary priests, who care more for the fleeces than the flock, good Lord deliver us.

Diogenes remarks that he has not a very exalted opinion of those would-be aristocratic individuals,

"Just from the woods—
From rolling logs now roll in goods,
And talk of 'country fellows.'"

He says that no person with talent sufficient to enable him to manage a beer stand properly, would "cut" his relations because they earn their bread by the sweat of their brows. We believe he is right in his conclusions, and could cite several instances if necessary.

[Det. Times.]

The New York Herald, of Monday says it is rumored that Gen. Pillow is to be sent to Utah, as Governor of Mormondom.

SEEING A LIVE EDITOR.—A young man came into our office yesterday morning—he had a frank intelligent, good-looking countenance, and was from the country—and he remarked that he wanted to see a "live editor." We immediately straightened ourselves up, trotted ourselves out, and announced that we were such an animal. He surveyed us with an expression of doubt, and wanted to know if we were a real one, and always looked so. We responded in the affirmative: and on asking him if there was anything ferocious in our aspect, he replied that he did not think there was, whereupon we exclaimed, "Give us your hand old fellow!" and he "gav" it. The grasp over, and no danger arising from it, he recovered confidence, and inquired whether all the editors in town were "as good looking and smart" as we were. If we have a failing, it is modesty, and the inquiry rather staggered us, but the inquiry being evidently after information and facts, we were constrained to reply, that as to the good looks, the fraternity were on an average passable, some had passed and we were passing; that as to a comparison of our own appearance with that of the others, a proper modesty and due regard to their feelings would prevent it. As to smartness, we had less hesitation in hinting at the general impression; it was not one formed by ourselves, but by the community; it was a matter more spoken of than our appearance, and hence the more readily gathered. As will be observed, we were on both points mindful of what was due our respected brethren, and the most sensitive and censorious could not find any fault with what we felt constrained to say. We were cornered on the palpable points by an anxious inquirer, and we had to respond with a proper regard to truth, and professional courtesy. Our friend left us, after what appeared to be a satisfactory interview, having seen the last of "all sorts of men,"—a "Live Editor."

[Albany Express.]

A JOKE IN A SACRED EDIFICE.—Our grandfather, like myself, was not blessed with the physical gift of a melodious voice. In fact we have heard the old gentleman say that he knew little difference in the melody of a bray of a donkey and the squall of a prima donna—an obtusity in regard to the organs of hearing which we believe, if the truth were told, would be very general even among those who pay five dollars to hear an Italian opera because it's the fashion. But our grandfather was a pious man, and believed that it behooved all the congregation, when the hymns were given out in church, to lift their voices in praise, whether they could sing in tune or not. He had no faith in the modern custom of going to hear fine music sung from a choir, as one would go to hear an opera.

One day an unmarried daughter, who had been long absent, paid him a visit—she had merged into an old maid, and somewhat prided herself upon her plain speaking upon all occasions.

On the Sabbath she went to the village church with her father, and the clergyman in due time gave out the hymn, the first stanzas of which was:

"I would but cannot sing,
The praises of the Lord."

The leader of the singing commenced, and the old gentleman tuned his rusty pipes, and followed after a style to which a donkey's bray might have furnished a very formidable comparison.

"I would but cannot sing."

"It's very evident you can't, father," said the daughter. "You had better hold your tongue." The congregation in the immediate vicinity who heard the remark, could not refrain from tittering, and the old gentleman closed his hymn book and sat down abashed. He never again attempted to sing in the presence of his daughter.

OLD LADIES.—"The death of an old man's wife," says Lamartine, "is like cutting down an ancient oak that has long shaded the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, fall upon the old widower's heart and there is nothing to break their force or shield it from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand was withered—as if one wing of an eagle was broken, and every movement that he made only brought him to the ground. His eyes are dim and glassy, and when the film of death falls over him, he misses those accustomed tones which might have soothed his passage to the grave."

At a large fire at a celebrated piano forte maker's, an instrument worth two hundred guineas, was burnt; it was inlaid with mother of pearl and other costly decoration. "Dear me," said a gentleman to the proprietor, "how was it that they could not contrive to save that splendid instrument?" "Why," replied the proprietor, who being insured, could afford the joke, the reason was, "that the engines could not play upon it, I am told."

A ROORBACK.—The United States steamer Michigan now lies in the river, and we learned this morning from one of her officers that the rumor, started by a Buffalo paper, that she had been sent to inquire into the alleged murder of a ship's crew at Beaver Island, is without foundation. The Michigan stopped at Beaver Island on her way round, but her officers heard nothing of the rumor till they reached this city.

[Milwaukee News.]

BIG VEGETABLES.—One of the California papers dwells rapturously upon an "enormous sweet potato" recently shown to the editor. It measures longitudinally two feet and three inches, and weighs five pounds. Another brags of a cantalope melon that weighs 21½ pounds, while still another tries to excite people by mentioning a water melon that weighs 52½ pounds, and talks magnificently of "Oregon apples," \$1 50 apiece.

SEVEN MILES IN FIVE MINUTES.—Mr. Goddard, an aeronaut, ascended from New York a few days ago, in a balloon, and was carried by a violent gale seven miles in five minutes, when he thought it time to descend.